

## MR. DOOLEY ON A PRINCE'S VISIT

By F. P. Dunne

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"Well, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "they're givin' that Prince iv Sweden th' time iv his life in Newport."

"What are they doin' to him?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"What ain't they doin' to him?" said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis th' lucky boy he is. Ye see his grandfather, that's th' old King iv Sweden, sint him over here to study our dymnocratic institutions. Th' old boy wanted him to look at thim near by so that he'd know how to act if anything happened that'd sint him back to wurruk at his great-great-grandfather's throne. Willum's great-great-grandfather was a lawyer, a Frinch lawyer, at that, an' not much good, be th' name iv Barney Dot. I have th' whole story fr'm Hogan. Willum's great-great-grandfather was a lawyer an' he wanted to make Willum's great-grandfather a lawyer, too, like himself; an' if it hadn't been that Willum's great-grandfather was wild th' beauchous ladies iv Newport wud no more be haulin' at Willum's coat tails this blessed day thin at Counsellor Noonan's. But Willum's great-grandfather was a tough; he was th' disgrace iv a dacin't family; he 'listed in th' army an' got to be wan iv th' g'n'rals iv Napolyon, Impror iv th' Fr-rinch. By an' by Napolyon got so he cudden't bear th' sight ov his face an' it was a thousand to wan that he'd aither kill him or make a king iv him. About this time th' Swedes come around lookin' fr a king, th' king they had havin' givin' notice. In thim days Napolyon was a kind iv intelligence of-

fice fr kings. If anny proud nation wanted wan iv th' anointed iv th' Lord, as Hogan says, to bend its head to, Napolyon was th' boy they want to see. Havin' met a good many kings, or overtaken thim as ye might say, he had an idee that anybody that wasn't good fr much else was good enough to be a king. He was mighty careful about who he picked out fr cooks, but whin it come to kings he'd just as leaye shut his eyes an' pull a strange name out iv a hat. He showed how he felt about it be makin' kings iv his brothers. Whin a customer turned up, says he: 'I can't spare so-an'-so, he tells a good story, or so-an'-so, he can spell, or so-an'-so, he knows all about dogs. But I can let ye have me brother Joe if ye can wake him up, or that old mutton-headed g'n'rall standin' in th' corner. He'd be a gr-reat king fr ye. His ancestry is all right. His father was a tailor.' So whin th' Swedes come lookin' fr a permanent boss he gave thim Barney Dot because he didn't like him or th' Swedes aither. An' thim was founded th' dynasty that rules over a proud people that has done much iv th' heavy housework iv th' wurruk, rubbed th' roomatics out iv our backs an' give th' name iv Olsen to th' entire population iv th' state iv Minnesota.

"An' there ye ar-re. Th' prisent king of Sweden seems like a dacin't sort iv an old la-and. It's alsy come alsy go with him. If annybody wants a part iv his kingdom all they have to do is to cut off a slice. He keeps open house. Whin th' Norwegyans, thim liberty lov-

in' descendants iv th' old Vikings, de-manded thir rights by B. Yonson B. Inthrepid leadership. Iv B. Yonson B. Yonson-if Hogan give me th' name right-an' Dock Nansen an' others they thundred at th' gates iv th' palace, did th' king dhrav his soord an' attempt to defend th' possessions iv th' great house iv Barney Dot? Faith, he didn't do anything iv th' kind. He laid down a glass iv limonade he'd been sipplin' an' called 'Catch.' A fine hospitable old fellow, says I. Th' Norwegyans havin' got thir liberty, wint off an' hired a Dane to be king over thim. Th' king had to marry, so he looked over th' Norwegyan ladies an' married an English lady, as most kings do an' will always do while England holds th' supremacy iv th' sea. If England ever blows up ye'll read iv a good many divorces in high circles. There's wan thing th' English rife family is doin, be marryin' into other rife families. I've puttin' th' government iv th' wurruk into th' hands iv th' plain people.

"So th' old king sint Willum over here to study dymnocratic institutions an' he's havin' th' time iv his life. Since Lelf Erickson he's th' first Swede, bet ye, that ivert wint into a Newport house through th' front dure or without a bundle. An' there's no place in th' wurruk like Newport to study dymnocratic institutions fr'm. Ye can look right down on thim. Fr'm Newport our institutions all look very dymnocratic; fr'm Ar-rych Road not so much so, if at all. Ye can say what ye like about Newport, but to me, Hinnissy, it's th'

fairest flower iv our civilization. I read about it iv'ry day in th' palajeemes iv our liberties, as Hogan says, an' it thrills me to th' marrow iv me bones. I've never been to Newport; be th' way, th' dumper counts up iv'ry night I'll never get nearer to it thin Saint Joe, Mitchigan. But I'm proud iv it just th' same. Lave anny insolent Euro-peen ask me what this country can show, but coorse an' vulgar materialism an' I'll pint to Newport. Look at that, says I, an' tell me that we're sunk in commercialism! Look at that an' tell me, says I, that wealth in th' right hands an' th' left can't projoice culture an' refinement akel to anything th' capitals iv Europe can show! Why, says I, whin it comes to culture, an' refinement, Newport cud give th' court iv Louis Cans cards, spades, little an' big cazop, slam th' deck in its face an' bate it fr anny sum fr'm three to three million dollars. Ye bet ye're life on that," says I.

"It's th' grand place. 'Tis there th' gr-reat Caps iv Finance hurry whin wearied with th' chumult iv th' mart an' th' grand jury room to relax thir minds be a meal with a blue-nosed mandril, a chimpanzee or an ape. 'Tis there th' fait descendants iv th' heroes iv th' revolution an' th' steel merger come to an arrystocratic clinch an' roll on th' flure in a deadly embrace. 'Tis there that th' rude rebate, the overcharge an' th' short change, thim coorse but nicsory factors in our in-dusthree divilpment ar-re turned as if be magic into th' autymobil an' th'

alimony. Blessed spot, where gather th' signs iv our premachurely old fam-ilies to revel in th' pleasures iv refined wealth an' belt each other over th' heads with th' floun' wine bottle.

"It was there that Prince Willum thraveled nachrally an' Newport made up its mind to rayceive him as become his ancestry if he wint far enough back. It's too bad ye didn't read it in th' pa-aper. I've read nawthin' ilse fr a week. Glory be, but it's been a fine ginteel scrap. An' so excitin'. Th' shindig started whin Mrs. Slosch, th' ac-knowledged queen iv Newport s'ciety, handed it out that annybody that wanted to larn whither th' Prince ate with his knife or not would have to look pretty good to her. Th' chal'enge was bravely took up be Mrs. Slosch, another acknowledged queen iv Newport s'ciety, who passed back a remark to th' g'n'rall effect that though she'd known Alfalfa Slosch since her father dead fero bank in Butte she'd have to in-form th' wurruk that no lady with a cast in her eye an' much iv her hair rented wud iver see Prince Willum unless she peeked through a hole in th' Slosch fence. Well, sir, that started it. An' now I skip iv'rythin' in me daily pa-aper to get down to th' fight news. 'Tis th' on'y readin': 'Mondah: Mrs. Slosch scored a signal victory yster-day be sindin' her former husband to Prince Willum to tell him that if he didn't appear at th' Slosch mansion Thursdah mornin' at nine o'clock he'd have his head punched.' 'Choosdah: Mrs. Slosch had th' better iv yster-

dah's manovers. Be some means she managed to convey to his rle highness a hint that the ple-plant at th' Slosch's house was full iv Paris green.' 'Winds-dah: A tur-rble affray took place in front iv th' readin' room this afternoon whin Mr. Sposch and Mr. Slosch, th' di-vorced kings iv th' acknowledged queens iv Newport s'ciety, met an' jumped into each other. All Newport s'ciety is wurruk up over th' dreadful affair. Th' socyal capital iv th' coun-try is divided into two rival camps. Fight are iv daily occurrence in th' streets. In siv'ral instances hat pins have been drawn. So far it is anny-body's battle.' 'Thursdah: The Prince's in' an' in th' prinsice iv a tumultchous crowd iv cheerin', shriekin' arrysto-crats, th' two socyal queens swam out to meet his rle highness. Both ladies are strong swimmers an' they were over th' rail about th' same time. A furious battle ensued between th' queens, but th' supeyior socyal ad-dress iv Mrs. Slosch prevailed. After fifteen minyits iv in fightin' she put her right acrost to pint iv jaw. Then seizin' a belayin' pin she moved down a body iv marines that guarded th' prince's cabin an' offered a spirited resistance. Manetime th' craven officers an' crew had jumped overboard an' dhrowned thimselfs. Although th' prince fought with all his might, he was no match fr his lovely hostess, who swam ashore with him an' carried him more dead thin alive to th' Slosch mansion, where he is now closely con-

fined. Admission to see him is be tick-et on'y. Mrs. Sposch, though defeated, is not disgraced. She is organizin' a stormin' party, which will be wan iv th' ivvints iv th' season, an' she declares she will have th' prince out if she has to blow down th' front wall. But it is g'n'rally conceded that Mrs. Slosch has rightly gained th' title iv undisputed queen iv our best s'ciety. Noblesse oblige."

"An' there ye ar-re. It's been a gr-reat fight an' th' best queen won. I'm glad Prince Willum has had a chanst to see how good we are whin we're at our best."

"'Tis th' likes iv thim that Schwartz-meister says provoked th' Fr-rinch revolution," said Mr. Hennessy gloomily.

"Don't ye believe it," said Mr. Dooley. "We cudden't injye poverty if we didn't see th' way other people injyes wealth. Iv'ry time I read about a socyal war at Newport I feel less disturbed about a socyal war in our back alley. Whin ye come to size it up a socyal war is th' same coors as what is called in th' polis coorts a clothes-line row, on'y in was case th' ladies wear tharas on their heads an' in th' other case shawls. An' what wud be th' use iv havin' a revolution an' dethroyin' thim. They'd on'y be more dangerous without thier heads."

Positive He Got a Lemon, All Right.  
(Anacoda Standard.)

Governor Vardaman, who went out of his way to deny that he had got religion, freely and frankly acknowledges that at all events he has got the double cross.

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## THIRSTY DAN

By Charles Warren

The events of the second day of May, 1898, brought a ray of comfort to Los Garpillos. For on the morning of that day a party of loafers in the postoffice saw the station master run out of the railroad station and down toward the office of the Los Garpillos Screamer.

The sight of such an unwonted activity aroused an indolent curiosity in them.

"What's struck Jerry?" drawled Sam Spelman. "He's running as if the pay car 'd struck the pike. Must hev something happened."

"Here, you boys." It was John T. Drogal, the editor, who appeared at the door in a sleeveless shirt and wiped the perspiration from his face, which was red with the heat and excitement. He was waving a long, yellow paper.

"Listen to this: 'Commodore Dewey's squadron destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor early yesterday morning. Three of Admiral Monto's ships were burned, one sunk and the rest disabled.'"

The stolid crowd became suddenly energized, and they let out a scattered cheer. Then for the first time in a month they bestowed themselves with interest on the great news that had spread throughout the town and drifted up the mountainside. It was passed along from gang to gang down the shafts and along the tunnels. At noon men coming out every flag and every bit of cloth which might be used to decorate the adobe houses and buildings. The cracked bell on the Catholic Mission church was jangling a peal as continuous as could be made by relays of volunteer bell-ringers. Even the dirty greasers on the outskirts of the town roused themselves from their blankets spread out on the sunny exposure of their weather-worn adobe huts to find out the cause of the uproar.

Before the Spanish-American war Los Garpillos had been a contented town. Its superiority to the rival town of San Jago admitted in its own eye of no possible question. Los Garpillos had no doctor, a billiard table, a "Palace hotel," a local paper and a little branch railroad running from Tulex Junction on the main line down to the mines. San Jago had no doctor, no railroad, no hotel—strangers being obliged to take rooms over the saloon—and no newspaper, the New Mexican Sunbug's office having been raided and shattered by over-sensitive citizens within twenty-four hours after the first publication of the paper.

The moment the war broke out, however, San Jago, metaphorically speaking, leaped to the front with an exultant yell. For San Jago, with its three hundred and forty inhabitants were all capable of riding roughly anything and anywhere.

Los Garpillos, however, on the other side of the San Jago mountain, was exclusively a mining camp and had been unable to find a single citizen qualified or fitted for cavalry service.

So in bitter silence and with profound depression at the offensive air of superiority assumed by its San Jago neighbors, Los Garpillos had witnessed eleven prospective military heroes ride out from San Jago, amid shrieks and cheers and pistol shots, to join the "Rough Riders" at San Antonio. The depression had continued until the second of May. Now the news of the great victory had roused Los Garpillos to something like joyful action.

Before evening "George Dewey" had become almost one of the local celebrities.

In the midst of all, however, there was one flaw. These rejoicings were really more national than local, and Los Garpillos was forced to admit that San Jago still held the advantage of actual personal participation in the glories of war. This advantage San Jago held, however, only up to four minutes past five on the afternoon of that second day of May. For at that precise moment Mr. Pete Watkins, one of the leading spirits of Los Garpillos, on feeling in the pocket of his coat for a match, pulled out with the matches a very dirty, torn and crumpled piece of paper. He looked at it carefully for

a moment, then smoothed it and began to read.

A vigorous discussion was at that moment going on among the other prominent citizens of Los Garpillos who had met at the customary town forum, Emil Glotherman's saloon. "The Bucket of Blood," the exact location of the Philippine islands had given rise to much display of alleged geographical knowledge and to earnest financial support of his knowledge on the part of each disputant. A few were so insistent that Manila was a flavoring extract and not a city.

Suddenly a loud whistle from Pete Watkins attracted their attention.

"What's struck yer?" asked one of the crowd. "Has that letter anything to do with us?"

Watkins had an air of subdued excitement. "P'raps," he answered. "Maybe so. Say boys, what's the names of the ships old George had over in Manila?"

John T. Drogal, the editor, had the Associated Press telegram in his pocket and read the list off:

"Olympia, Raleigh, Petrel, Boston, Concord, Baltimore, McCook."

Before the list had been fully repeated Pete Watkins had jumped from his chair, rushed up to fat old Glotherman, punched him in the chest, ruffled his long, colorless hair down over his eyes, giving a wild series of yells, and ending by throwing the Dutchman out from behind the bar, cried: "Boys, step up, it's on me!"

"What in thunder's the trouble?" asked Sam Spelman.

The others waived their curiosity and crowded alertly to the bar to accept the invitation.

"Dan's gone and done it," shouted Pete. "I'll be loosed if he hasn't. Dan was there. Yes, sir, right in the thick of it—old Danny Togler—gave old 'Thirsty Dan' Huroo for Dan and Dewey!"

At these incoherent remarks the others began to take a more active interest. And Mr. Pete Watkins was emphatically asked to stop yelling and come down to business.

"Listen to this letter, you fellows," he said, pointing to the crumpled sheet which he had found in his pocket. "It's the one I got from Dan last January. You remember I told you about it then. I'll be darned if I hadn't forgotten all about the cuss ever since, or where he was. This is the part you want to hear. It was written from San Francisco the 30th of last December: 'I enlisted today as a sailor on the United States gunboat Concord, and we're going to sail on the 8th of January to join the Asiatic squadron.'"

"What's that? What's all your jawing about?" asked "Lone Hand" Dan.

"Why, you old fool," replied Watkins, "don't you see? 'On the Concord.' Well, what ship was in the fight with old Dewey? Wasn't it the Concord? And where was Dan Togler? On the Concord. And who licked the Spaniards? Why, Dewey and 'Thirsty Dan.' And where did 'Thirsty Dan' come from? Why, Los Garpillos. And where does Los Garpillos come in on this victory? Why, right on the top. And where is San Jago now? Why, at the bottom of the shaft. Put that in your big mouth and chew on it, 'Lone Hand.'"

Before Watkins had finished there was a rising storm of exclamations which culminated in a rush for the bar. The letter was torn from one to the other through the crowd.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. The well-merited but long-delayed fame had at last come to Los Garpillos. The pre-eminence of San Jago as a home of warriors was wrested from it. Los Garpillos had its hero at last.

The crowd separated to spread the wonderful news over the town. "The Bucket of Blood" soon filled up with leading citizens. All pressed enthusiastically around Pete Watkins, anxious to see the famous letter for themselves and to assure themselves of the truth of the great event. Watkins stood in one corner with his head lifted high in pride, and received with an ill-simulated indifference the congratulations made to him as the former chum of the hero of the hour, Mr. Daniel Webster Togler, better known formerly at Los Garpillos as "Thirsty Dan."



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It was, incidentally, a great day for Pete Watkins.

Then John T. Drogal, the editor, stepped up on a chair, with a bottle in each hand, and called for "Three cheers for Dan Togler, the hero of Manila, who drove the proud Spaniard from the eastern seas."

It must be admitted, however, that the past history of the present, hero left much to be desired in the way of honesty, worth or honor.

"Thirsty Dan" had earned his sobriquet during his eight years' residence in Los Garpillos from his unlimited capacity to swallow drink of any description. The bed of no dry arroyo, white with alkali and cracked and baking in the hot sun, ever absorbed fluid more quickly, completely or unendingly than did Dan Togler. The only virtue to which he could lay claim was an almost superhuman ability to withstand the physical effects of which mining camp whiskey produced on the ordinary man. With Togler the only result of his habits seemed to be a total impairment of willingness to do manual labor. For many years it had been a subject of discussion at Los Garpillos whether the most inert and worthless greaser in the town did not engage in more physical exertion during the course of a year than did "Thirsty Dan." His good nature and his extraordinary luck at faro had been the only attributes by which he managed to secure the means to exist. The first had gained him the friendship of Pete Watkins and a share in the latter's bunking accommodations. The second had obtained for him his frequent drinks and his semi-occasional meals.

When John T. Drogal's invention had been put to task for persons with which to fill up the columns of the Screamer, "Thirsty Dan's" general habits and characteristics formed an inexhaustible topic. Togler had not even the saving quality of being "handy with his gun." In fact, the only pistol which he had ever possessed had passed into Glotherman's possession years ago in exchange for a drink.

There had been a vague rumor that five years ago, when his luck at cards had been particularly bad, he had gone over toward San Jago to the placer district and had actually shoveled and screened about a ton of gravel. Such

an event would have been inconceivable if it had not been that he had returned in a few days with \$4 worth of the "color," which very rapidly passed into Glotherman's hands. Whether the report was true or not, it is certain that he never had given occasion for such a rumor to prevail again.

About seven months ago "Thirsty Dan" had struck a continuous run of bad luck at faro, and in view of his useless applications for loans and credit, the patience of Los Garpillos had become almost exhausted. Matters came to a crisis one night when "Lone Hand" Piker, returning to his cabin rather earlier than usual from his mining camp whiskey produced on the ordinary man. With Togler the only result of his habits seemed to be a total impairment of willingness to do manual labor. For many years it had been a subject of discussion at Los Garpillos whether the most inert and worthless greaser in the town did not engage in more physical exertion during the course of a year than did "Thirsty Dan." His good nature and his extraordinary luck at faro had been the only attributes by which he managed to secure the means to exist. The first had gained him the friendship of Pete Watkins and a share in the latter's bunking accommodations. The second had obtained for him his frequent drinks and his semi-occasional meals.

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way clear to send him five dollars, or even two, he would promise, to return it out of his first month's pay.

It is needless to say that Mr. Pete Watkins had not seen his way clear.

That evening, on the second of May, the entire male population assembled at the Palace hotel. Togler's new role was the sole topic, and the only thought was how to do fit honor to the event.

"Well, the first thing we want to do is to blow the timbers out from under the San Jago in the way of a celebration," said Dr. MacDonald, to whom all turned naturally first for suggestions.

"That's right. You've struck it."

"Three cheers for the Doc," they shouted.

"The next thing is to show how we appreciate the honor that our distinguished townsman has brought upon the town," MacDonald continued with an uncompromising tinge of sarcasm. "I allus told yer fellows 'Thirsty Dan' d more inter him than ye thought. Didn't I allus tell yer he'd do something ter astonish yer some day?" remarked Mr. Jolter Greenstone.

Suggestions for the form of the proposed celebration now came thick and fast.

"I tell ye what Cousin Daniel 'd hev lived," remarked old Joe Brigham ("Mormon Joe" he was called).

"Cousin who?" asked Watkins in astonishment.

"Cousin Daniel," Brigham replied suavely.

"Are you referring, maybe, to 'Thirsty Dan,' I might ask?" "Lone Hand" Piker said, with a string of oaths.

"Who else?" Brigham continued to look benevolent.

"Cousin! Rate! he warn't no cousin of yours," said Watkins hotly. Watkins did not propose to have the honor of having chummed for six years with Togler wrested away from him by any pretended claim to relationship now set up for the first time.

"Certainly he was," Brigham answered doggedly. "Daniel was my aunt's second husband's nephew."

"Well, it's taken you a pretty darned long time to work that out," replied Watkins. "We never heard you shoot off your mouth about it when he lived in these parts. Did we, boys?"

There was a shout of sarcastic derision in reply.

"Guess if you're a relative," said Sam Spelman, "you must be responsible for that six dollars Dan owed me when he left."

"That's so," came from several others. "And my four?" "And my seven?"

"Mormon Joe" was glad to get out of the room without further participation in the debate.

The conference continued until late in the evening. When it broke up the following program had been agreed upon:

The double celebration in honor of Togler and Dewey should be held on Wednesday. The mining superintendents would shut down work at the mines at noon with a full day's pay. It should be opened at the "Bucket of Blood," when Emil would set up one round of drinks free to everybody in order that the proper toast might be drunk after that happy hour of half price. Then would come a revolver match; after that a greased pig and a greased pole contest (this was the suggestion of the postmaster, who came from Pembroke, Me.); then a contest of waltzing made up of teams from the four different mines; races of all kinds, and a new one invented for the occasion, a race down and up three hundred feet of ladders of the north shaft of the Little Giances mine; then the public exercises, including music and an oration, and in the evening fireworks, bonfires and a dance.

The only man thought of for orator was St. Cottrell, mining superintendent of the Golden Bells. Readiness and luxuriance of speech were St's strong points.

"I tell you what, boys," said Youngman, the superintendent of the Yellow Dog, after their thirst had been somewhat relieved, I saw by the paper that Los Angeles band is to play at Albuquerque Tuesday night. That's tomorrow. Let's wire down there and get it over here. It can come down from Tulex Junction on the Wednesday afternoon train, along with the fireworks we've got to send for, and set here in time for the evening festivities. I'll chip in to the pot to the extent of fifty to start the subscription."

This suggestion was received with enthusiasm. That night the lights shone until after midnight in the printing office of the Screamer, and then two men started over the mountains, horseback with rolls of posters strapped to their saddles. The next day the San Jagoes read with mingled feelings of astonishment and envious vexation of the celebration to take place at Los Garpillos.

All Tuesday preparations went on for the unparalleled event. Men worked hard building up bonfires and erecting flagpoles on the different summits around the town. Up on San Jago mountainside, heaping an enormous pile of timber from an old, deserted mine, small, glossy chaparrals and dark green canyon pinyon trees with quantities of the long yellow bayonet leaves of the amoya plant, and fine, dry gramma grass stuffed in the chinks to kindle the flames readily. The men of Los Garpillos were sure that this bonfire would be seen 100 miles away over in Texas.

Wednesday dawned, a superb day. The volcanic sand and rock grew warm with tints of red and brown and orange under the blazing sun. A few clouds straying by now and then caused purple shadows to drift across the mountain sides, and under them the Great Staked Plains, stretching southward deceptively like the ocean, shifted from amber to dark blue and misty gray and back again.

The celebration began at Glotherman's promptly at noon, when Dr. MacDonald called on the boisterous crowd which filled the saloon and the street outside to drink the toast of the day. "To Daniel Togler and George Dewey." From that moment all was wild enjoyment—the contests, the races, the pig, the shooting.

At half past seven in the evening St. Cottrell was just finishing his oration to his wildly enthusiastic audience, gathered in the Miners' Union hall, over the postoffice.

"And now, fellow citizens, let me picture to you that scene one week ago in those wonderful isles of spice, as the poet says, when the sun rose in the orient like an oriflamme of war. What

did the proud American eagle, with its golden crest ('Siv'ry called some one in the audience), see as it spread its wings and flew from the confines of our glorious land across the mighty ocean to guard the noble warriors? (Immense applause.) What did it see at dawn of the first of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight? What did it see, I say? (Cries of "What did it?" "Go it, St." "Get an answer.")

"It saw, fellow citizens, mighty ships of war plowing the deep, regardless of mines and torpedoes, prospecting Manila bay without fear, ready to jump any one's claim, even the haughty Spaniard's."

At this point a long screech of an engine whistle from the train coming down from Tulex Junction with the military band interrupted the speaker and emphasized an eloquent period.

"It saw standing on the prow of the Olympia who? (Cries of "Dan Togler.") No, not our friend and honored citizen in whom we have so much pride; not he, but another man in whom we have an almost equal pride—Admiral George Dewey."

There were cries of "Good old George!" and deafening cheers and stamping of feet. Cottrell stopped, wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and took a drink from a pocket flask.

But there amid the cannon's roar and the shrieking of shells and the explosion of mines, the cries of dying Spaniards, the crackling of flaming Spanish vessels, who was there with George Dewey? Who was the man behind the gun? Where would Dewey have been without his sailors? Who was the man who brought the ship there? Who was the sailor who made it possible for Dewey himself and his ships to be there?"

"Huroo!" This single, enthusiastic cheer shattered the eager and rapt silence in which the audience was awaiting the peroration.

Everyone turned to the rear to see who it was who had disturbed Cottrell's eloquent period. Standing in the aisle at the head of the stairs was an unclean, good-natured looking individual who had apparently just arrived, as he was accompanied by members of the military band. The stranger looked worried at the undue amount of attention which he had attracted and edged toward the door.

"Pete" Watkins, who was on the platform, gave one look and then yelled: "Thirsty Dan, by all thar's o'ho!" Well, I am loosed!"

A roar of angry astonishment broke from the crowd, and in a flash Mr. Daniel Webster Togler was wildly struggling to escape from his excited former fellow townsman.

"I moved up adjourn," shouted Mr. Jolter Greenstone, with great presence of mind.

The audience, sweeping Togler along with it, poured down stairs in a mass, asking confused questions and uttering oaths of great force.

The visiting party from San Jago gathered across the street and watched the proceedings with huge enjoyment. "Thirsty Dan" was being buffeted to and fro, as question after question was demanded for his presence eleven thousand miles from where he ought to be at that moment.

Finally he made himself heard above the uproar. "I can't answer all your questions at once. Give me a chance, won't you? I'll tell you why I'm here if you'll stop pounding me. I'll tell you where I've been."

"What did you write me such a d-d lie for?" shouted Pete Watkins. "I wasn't no lie when I writ yer," said Dan sullenly. "How did I know you fellows was goin' to make such a fuss over me, anyway? Ef I'd known it, I'd not hev come back. Say, if you fellows want to know where I've been, you've got to buy me a drink. I'm frost dead."

They took him over to Glotherman's, and there, after a satisfied smile of recognition of the place and its contents, Daniel Webster Togler, Esq., told his story.

"When I writ yer, Pete," he said, "I'd enlisted. That's right. On the Concord. Too—a good little boat—as boats go. But thar's too much work on them boats for me. Wal—I hed

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